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The Chilly man songster

London

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CHILLY MAN. SONGSTER:

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TOASTS &C.

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LACE PAPER, & FANCY & COMIC VALENTINE MANUFACTURER.

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THE BOATMAN'S RETURN,

N. J. SPORLE.

Sung by Mr. Walker, at Evans's Grand Hotel, Covent garden.

Row, row, homeward we steer,
Twilight falls o'er us;
Hark! hark! tuneful is near,
Friends sing before us.
Song lightens our labour,
Sing onward as we go, &c.
Keep each with his neighbour,
Time as we flow.

CHORUS. (invisible.)
Row, row, homeward we steer, &c.

Row, row, sing as we go,
Nature rejoices,
Hark! how the hills, as we flow,
Echo our voices.
Still o'er the dark waters.
Far away must we roam,
Ere Italy's daughters
Welcome us home.
Row, row, sing as we go, &c.

Row, row, see in the west
Lights dimly burning;
Friends in yon harbour of rest,
Wait our returning.
See how the moon clearer,
Keep time with the oar;
Row, now, we are nearer
That happy shore.
Home, home, delightful to her,
Friends stand before us;
Yet ere our boat touch the shore,
Once more the chorus.

ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

Sung by Mr. J. WHITNEY.

It may not be, it cannot be,
That such a gem was made for me;
But oh! it is how my love,
A palace, not a Highland cot;
In slumber then I think of thee,
No other one shall wed with thee;
By far the sweetest flower to me,
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee.
Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee
Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee,
By far the sweetest flower to me,
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee.

Oh! Annie dear, oh! take the heart,
And with it never more to part;
A highland cot I'll share with thee,
In a palace then, I'll never be;
I will cast aside all my care,
And bliss and love with you I'll share,
For you are the sweetest flower to me,
Is Annie, Annie o' the banks o' Dee.
Annie, &c.

THE HAPPIEST LAND,

From the German, by Longfellow.

Sung by Mr. P. CONRI.

There sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four Jews and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.
The landlord's daughter filled their cup,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so quiet and still,
And spoke not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Saubian raised his hand,
And cried out lout and flush'd with wine,
'Here's to the Saubian land!
The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare,
With all the stout and handy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there!'

'Ha!' cried a Saxon, laughing,
And drained his beard with wine,
'I'd rather live in Lapland,
Than in that Saubian land of thine.—
The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land;
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on my hand!'

'Hold your tongues, both Saubian and Saxon!'
A bold Bohemian cries!
'If there's a heaven upon the earth,
It is in Bohemia lies;
There the sailor blows his flute,
And the cobbler blows his horn,
And the miner blows his bugle
Over mountain forge and bourn.'
And then the landlord's daughter,
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, 'Ye may no more contend,
There lies the happiest land!'

TOAST.—Success to the Industrious Irishman, who took down his stairs to keep the bugs out of the garret.

How's your Poor Feet.

WRITTEN BY G. W. HUNT.

Music at L'ENFANT & HODGKINS. 18 RATHBONE PLACE.

We have rare funny sayings come up every day,
Ridiculous absurdities most every way,
The latest one out that we daily meet
Is the peculiar question of "How's your poor feet"
In the house, or the street, whoever you meet,
The first question that's put to you's "How's your poor feet."

Now if one took the question met in it's right light,
They'd answer well thank you my feet are all right,
But a Novice the question don't know how to treat,
When he's asked by a hundred friends, "How's your poor feet."
Should you be in the street, a friend chance to meet,
The first thing he asks you is "How's your poor feet."

I was taking a walk but a few days ago,
When I happen'd to meet with a lady I know,
From her looks I expected something sweet,
When to my surprise she says "How's your poor feet."
But when in the street—it's really no treat,
To be asked by so many—"Hows your poor feet."

T'other day I laid down being not very well,
When I soon was awoke by a ring at the bell,
I went down to the door, when a girl in the street
Said "Mothers's compliments" "How's your poor feet.
By jove it's no treat—but whoever you meet,
They're sure to be asking you "How's your poor feet."

Now a Lady acquaintance Mrs. Julia Skegg,
Having met with an accident has Two Wooden Legs,
One day she was gobbling along in the street,
When some boys "hollerd" out at her "How's your poor feet."
As she walked in the street—to her what a treat,
To be asked (having Wooden Legs) "How's your poor feet.

Now if ones feet were bad, and they could not get about,
Or were troubled with Rheumatics or else the gout,
Why—then I'd consider the question discreet,
To ask the said person "well" "How's your poor feet.
But now what a treat—if a person you meet,
Though your feet are quite well, they say "How's your poor feet".

Well I really think now I have said quite enough,
For to night upon such an absurd bit of stuff.
To stand and sing here all night—would not be a treat,
If I did you might well say then "How's your poor feet."
On this subject I'll treat—when next time we meet,
So I'll wind up by asking you, "How's your poor feet."

Rose of Hazeldeen.

Composed by J. W. CHERRY.

Music at Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street. W.

Along the lonely mountain side,
At morn I chanced to stray,
When summer shone in blooming pride,
And all the world looked gay.
I met a maid with tartan plaid,
As fair as e'er was seen;
I asked her name, she blushing said—
"I'm Rose of Hazeldeen."
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen,
Dear thou'lt ever be to me,
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.

Her breath, like flowering thorns, was sweet,
As starlight was her eye;
With every grace and charm replete,
She like the fawn swept by.
The birds sing sweeter to mine ear,
The flowers are fairer seen;
All Nature smiles when she is near—
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen &c.

A Little more Cider too.

I love the white gal and the black,
And I love all the rest;
I love the girls for loving me,
But I love myself the best.
Oh dear, I am so thirsty,
I've just been down to supper;
I drank three gills of apple-jack.
And a tub of apple butter.

Chorus.

Oh a little more cider, too,
A little more cider, too,
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider, too.

When first I saw Miss Snowflake,
'Twas on Broadway I spied her,
I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
If I could been beside her.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
And then I crossed the street;
And then she said to me—
A little more cider sweet.

Oh, a little more cider, &c

Oh, I wish I was an apple,
And Snowflake was another;
Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make.
Upon a tree together.
How bad the darkies all would feel,
When on the tree they spied her,
To think how we would be,
When we're made into cider.

Oh, a little more cider, &c.

Billy Pattison.

Oh, white folks listen unto me,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
The subject of my story, I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me, don't tell me,
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,
Is oh, Billy Pattison,
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me, don't tell me.

Chorus.

Billy Pattison, good-bye,
I think your horse will die,
If he don't I'll ride again,
If he does I'll tan his skin,
I'll lay ten dollars down,
I'll leave it in my will,
Show me the man in this yer town,
That struck my brother Bill.

I had a brother his name was Dick.
Oh, Billy Pattison,
Somebody hit him on the head with a brick,
Don't tell me, don't tell me,
Oh, what did he say when he came too,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
I say darkies this won't do.
Don't tell me, don't tell me.
Billy Pattison, &c.

If ever you go to Fiddlers Green.
Oh, Billy Pattison,
A lame old nigger is there to be seen,
Don't tell me, don't tell me.
In his right hand he holds a will,
Oh, Billy Pattison.
And this is the man that struck old Bill
Billy Pattison, &c.

Nil Desperandum,

J. BLOCKLEY.

In the morning of life, with bosom elate,
The youth leaves the fond home of his heart,
To seek o'er the treacherous ocean his fate,
And in life's busy scene take a part;
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

Oft clouds o'ercast the sky, the tempest doth arise,
And storms in loud gusts sweep the waves,
The tempest tost vessel right onward she flies,
Yet the storm most terrific she braves
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

[illegible] the perilous voyage is [illegible]
And the [illegible]
[illegible] the spring [illegible]
[illegible] shore,
And now with [illegible]
Then [illegible] off all his trouble and care
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

Am I Right— or any other Man?

As Spoken by MR. WEST at the London Music-Halls with great Success.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I appear once more before you, to address myself with respect to my political opinions. And when a man gets up to say, and knows, and understands what he is going to say before he says it, is a man, or any other Man.

The subject of this evening's discourse is the world. What is the world? Nothing but two hemispheres revolving on its own axletrees. Who discovered the world? Robinson Crusoe. Am I right, or any other Man?

Now, there's Lord Palmistone; if he wasn't born in the reg'lar course of Nature, what's that to the Cure. Am I right, or any other Man?

What did Julius Cæsar say to Jerribaldi at Sebastopool, and what's the Bishop of London to do with it? Am I right, or any other Man?

If the Thames-tunnel was to come into a direct course with the General Steam Navigation Company, what's that to do with Heenans' coming over here for the Champion's belt? Am I right, or any other Man?

Return to the Subject:—

Didn't Spurgeon say in his pulpit that Louis Napoleon was 60th cousin to the Gorilla? What did President Lincoln say when he met the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Bull's Run. Didn't he say that Spurgeon's Tabernacle would make a good Soup-Kitchen; Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

What does it say in chap. 2, verse 22dly of the History of the Natives of the Uninhabited Island? Doesn't it say what belongs to the man belongs to the woman, what belongs to the woman belongs to herself, and as much more as she can clap her hand upon? Eh, am I right or any other Man?

A word or two on iron-clad ships. Who first discovered ships? Why Alfred the Great. And what did Alfred the Great say when he saw Lord Nelson at the Battle of Waterloo? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

Return to the subject:—

Now supposing a young man having nothing, marries a shemale having the same amout of property, and they put both their nothings together. Who does the things belong to? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If a man can't marry his deseased wife's sister, can't he marry her if she wasn't diseased; and what's General Windham or the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do with it? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If a man's wife should kiss another man, and he chose to kiss her again, What is it to Dr. Teemple? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If Lord Derbee did go with Nancy in the Strand, what's Shakespear to do with it. Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

Return to the subject:—

If Holloways's Pills and Ointment cures the blues the gout and the———, What's that to Lord Byron? Eh, am I right, or any other Man?

If Mary of Argyle had a child by Oliver Cromwell, and Young Wadham married her, who does the child belong to? Mr. Chambers, or any other Man?

The Sly Glance.

NEW VERSION BY G. SIDNEY.

One evening in my bed room so thoughtfully I sat,
How to manage for the best, in fact what to be at;
My Landlady then entered, and hinted so polite
That six weeks rent was due to her that very night;
In course of conversation, so delicate I said,
If ever an idea she entertained to wed;
Her apron string she twisted, supposed she no'er should be,
Who would ever fancy her, with a sly glance at me.

I complimented, flatter'd her the rent was quite forget,
Being short of money, struck the iron whilst 'twas hot;
A sovereign I borrowed, which she granted readily,
So with wardrobe in my carpet bag, bid adieu to No., 3.
But eternal Fate ordained, soon we should meet again.
One day beneath an archway taking shelter from the rain,
Who should run so suddenly, by the side of me,
But my Landlady who took an ugly glance at me.

To her very chilling looks, the rain did far prefer,
When at a little distance observed a milliner,
A previous introduction, created fresh alarms,
When uplifted I beheld, a chubby pair of arms.
So pressing she enquired, where of late I had been,
As for a twelvemonth anywhere, me she had not seen;
The little mortal looked, and appeared to see
Her darling dear Hopa, took a sly glance at me.

I appointed on that very night her again to meet,
As through the heavy falling rain, made a quick retreat;
But on that very evening, another Lady did espy,
I could not really withstand, her little killing eye;
To the Park, then being dusk, for a stroll we went
To my pressing invitation, she quickly did assent;
Whilst seated, to obtain a kiss, I was making free,
When a Bobby with his bull's eye, took a sly glance at me.

But now I have forgotten, all those naughty tricks,
To lead a steady life I mean, on a wife to fix,
Should there be one here present, Lady passing fair,
I am ready now to marry, a fact I do declare.
My early life I have detailed, everything to you,
But my ways intend to alte(a)r, a lady's name will alter too,
So Ladies if for better, for worse, you will have me,
Signify the same and cast, a sly glance at me.—

"Didn't She seem to like it."

Air—"Early in the Morning."

One night I went out for a spree,
Some adventures just to see,
I soon met a lady fair,
At her I winked—I do declare.
Didn't she seem to like it,
Didn't she seem to like it,
Didn't she seem to like it,
Upon my word she did.

I went to her, had a talk,
Invited her to take a walk,
Of course she said there was no harm.
So politely, offerd her my arm.
Didn't she seem to like it.

She declared I was so kind,
Of course I said, Oh! never mind.
Into a house we entered in,
I called for stout but she drank———
Didn't she seem to like it.

For an oyster supper, I was bent,
To join me she was quite content,
Six dozen had, I think about,
But then the extra double stout.
Didn't she seem to like it.

At last she saw a fine young man,
To converse with him began.
She left me saying with a grin,
I had him, for oysters, stout, & gin.
Oh! didn't they seem to like it.

Whilst standing by myself alone,
Found my watch and chain had gone,
I caught her, how she did entreat,
But she was taken to Bow street.
And she didn't seem to like it.

Next morning I was early there,
To prosecute this lady fair,
Of course her fate, she did bewail,
For six months she was sent to gaol.
And she didn't seem to like it.

So warning young men take I pray,
From fair ones leading you astray;
For you will find that every one,
Will go the entire hog or none.

And don't they seem to like it.
And don't they seem to like it
And don't they seem to like it,
There's no mistake in that.

Heart & Hand Shall Go Together.

SEQUEL TO

"'TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND WHERE THE HEART CAN NEVER BE."

Words by Charles JEFFERYS.

Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Published by Barnes & Co. 23, Bishopsgate Street, Within.

Dry thy tears and cease repining,
Daughter I have urged thee long;
Never more will I reprove thee,
Thou shalt suffer no more wrong:
Nature's voice has pleaded for thee,
And I bow to it's decree;
Heart and hand shall go together,
And my blessing be with thee:
Heart and hand shall go together,
And my blessing be with thee.

When I wish'd thee wed another,
All thy love was still untold;
Thinkest thou my true affection
E'er could barter love for gold?
I remember all the duty,
Daughter thou hast paid to me;
Thou hast won a mother's blessing,
And her prayers are all for thee!
Thou hast won a mother's blessing,
And her prayers are all for thee.

Go my child! and joy attend thee,
Other ties will bind thee now;
Bride, when kneeling at the altar,
Blessed be thy bridal vow;
May a happy future await thee,
This shall be my prayer to heaven,
Proud am I that where thy heart is,
There too shall thy hand be giv'n.
Proud am I that where thy heart is,
There too shall thy hand be giv'n.

ORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

MUSIC AT CHAPPELL & Co's.

chieftan to the highlands bound,
cries "Boatman do not tarry,
nd I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry;"
Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy waters?
Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter!

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen
My blood would stain the heather;
His horse men hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain the lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
I'll go my chief—I'm ready—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;
And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
So—tho' the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking;
But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew dreaner,
Down the glen rode armed men,
Their trampelling sounded nearer.

Oh! haste thee, haste the lady cries,
Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'
The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, (oh, too strong for human hand!)
The tempest gathers o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reach'd the fatal shore
His wrath had changed to wailing;
For sore dismay'd through storm and shade,
His child he did discover,
One lovely arm was stretch'd forth for aid,
And one was round her lover.

Come back! come back! he cried in grief
Across this stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter oh, my daughter!'
'Twas vain the loud waves dash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Sung by MISS EVA BRENT.

If a body meet a body comin' thro' the Rye
If a body kiss a body need a body cry?
Every lassie has her laddie, nane they say ha'e I
Yet a' the lads they smile at me, and wha the worse am I?

Amang the train there is a swain I dearly lo'e myself,
But what's his name or where's his hame—I dinna choose to tell,
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie, nane, they say ha'e I
Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the Rye.

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS.

THE MAN IN THE MOON,

When a bumper is ordered, 'tis vexing no doubt,
To find when you drink that the wine is run out;
And 'tis surely an equally unpleasant thing
To be asked for a song, when you've nothing to
sing.
I might try something old, if an old one would do
But who would not crave for to have something new,
And what to select for the words or the tune,
I'm sure I know no more than the man in the
moon. [throws,
Ah! the man, in the moon a new light he
He's a man we all talk of but nobody knows,
And though 'tis a high subject I'm getting in tune,
I'll just have a turn at the man in the moon.

The man in the moon seems to lead a queer life,
With no one about him, not even a wife;
No friends to console him, no children to kiss,
No chance of his joining a meeting like this.
His changing his lodging each quarter's unpleasant;
Living first in a circus and then in a crescent,
If he rents by these quarters, so fast going by,
I should fancy he's rented uncommonly high.
But he's used to high life, for all circles agree
None are moving in such a high circle as he—
For those wishing to go up in a royal balloon,
They can't get introduced to the man in the moon.

'Tis thought that all madmen are moon-struck
We find,
And the man in the moon may be out of his
mind.
But it can't be for love, for 'tis very well known
There's no girls there to meet him by moonlight
alone.
It can't be ambition for rivals he's none,
At least, he is only eclipsed by the sun;
Tho' his prospects are often o'erclouded he see's
But the man in the moon can make light of all
these.
In drinking, I fear he may sometimes surpass
For he always looks best when he's seen thro'
a glass;
Then for smoking, though we may smoke morning and noon,
We can't blow a cloud like the man in the moon.

He's a night-cap and cake, he don't rise till it's dark,
When the night it sets in, he sets out for a lark,
Goes mooning about and sings out to the spheres,
"We won't go home till morning and daylight
appears."
He looks at the stars that go shooting up there,
And lets loose the Dog Star to bait the great
Bear.
At the Milky-way stops for a minute or two,
Has some milk, but don't pay, 'cos he swears
its sky blue,
But daylight soon takes the shine out of him
quite,
And he goes home, & gets into bed by suplight,
And though you may think him a regular spoon
You'd be plagued to get over the man in the
moon.

SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS,

Shake hands and be friends, our days are too few
To waste them in squabble and strife,
The wisest and best may foolish things do,
And make but mistakes all thro' life.
'Tis not my plan to moralize here,
But this there is truth, sages will rise,
So fill to the brim, and drink, drink to him
Who acts on this maxim to right.

Our pilgrimage here is doubtful and dark,
And as o'er life's waters we glide,
Adversity's storm may peril our bark,
And drift us down misery's tide.
A friend, then, to steer when danger is near,
Fulfils the old proverb indeed,
So fill to the brim, and drink, drink to him
Who lends us a hand in our need.

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER,

(Music at Williams's, Cheapside.)

Beautiful summer there's joy on your wing,
Around ye the breath of the flowers doth cling;
There's sunshine and beauty wherever ye play,
Beautiful summer, oh, fly not away,
Beautiful summer, oh, fly not away.

In the forest thy pinions are waving the trees,
Their green heads to bend to the light happy breeze
And the flowers look up with a blush as ye fly
To open their blossoms when summer is nigh.
Beautiful summer, &c.

The bloom of thy flowers, the breath on thy wing,
The sunshine & beauty your happy days bring;
With the cold touch of winter will wither away,
Yet summer, we'll love thee, tho' doom'd to decay
Beautiful summer, &c.

Come Let us Dwell in sea-girt Dell.

Ballad by JOHN GOODINGHAM.

Come let us dwell in sea-girt dell,
Where love shall be supreme Dell.
A palace grand our cot would seem,
It's ivied walls with joy shall teem.
I'll weave for thee a chaplet gay,
While thou dost sing a roundelay.

Then let us haste to yonder shore,
And bide with love for evermore.
A poem shall the wild wave sing,
In honour of its queen and king.
And when our barque bounds o'er the crest
It shall be gentle at thy hest.

Let us away where sland'ring foes,
Their venom cannot interpose
To mar our mutual happy love,
(Long register'd in vows above),
There to forget the cold dull throng,
And pass our days 'mid joyous song.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Cruiskeen Lawn.

SUNG BY NISS LOUISA PYNE.
In The New Opera 'THE LILY OF KILLARNEY.'
Music at CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;
But I, more bless'd than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,
My charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Gramachree ma cruiskeen,
Santha'gal mavourneen;
Gramachree a Colleen,
Gramachree a Colleen Bawn.

I'm mortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption thy son,
In hope that you'll comply,
That my glass shall ne'er be dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

Gramachree ma cruiskeen. &c.

The Moon has raised her Lamp.

DUET.
SUNG BY MESSRS. SANTLEY, & HENRY HAIGH.
In BENEDICT'S 'LILLY OF KILLARNEY.
Music at Chappell and Co, 50, New Bond Street.

The moon has raised her lamp above,
To light the way to thee my love;
Her rays upon the waters play,
To tell me eyes more bright than they
Are watching through the night.
I come, I come, my heart's delight.

On hill and dale the moonbeams fall
And spread their silver light on all:
But those bright eyes I soon shall see
Reserve their purest light for me.
Methinks they now invite;
I come, I come, my heart's delight!

It is a Charming Girl I Love.

Sung by Mr. W. Harrison, in the 'Lily of Killarney.
Music at CHAPPELL & CO,. 50, New Bond Street.

It is a charming girl I love,
She comes from Garryowen,
She's gentler than the turtle-dove,
Her hair is brown and flowing.
Her eye is of the softest blue,
Her breath is sweet as mountain dew,
Her step is lighter than the fawn,
And, och! she's called the Colleen Bawn.

Botheration, her likeness I never shall see,
There's but one Colleen Bawn and she does not love me.

You ask me what I'm hoping for,
Then listen to the sequal;
The Colleen Bawn I'll love no more,
When I can find her equal.
Mayhap now such a girl is here,
With step as light with eye as clear,
Oh, she'll be welcome as the dawn,
Although she's not the Colleen Bawn.
Botheration, &c.

In my wild Mountain Valley.

Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, in Benedicts New Opera, "The Lily of Killarney."
Music at CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond St.

In my wild mountain valley he sought me,
My heart soon he knew was his own:
When he made me his bride then he taught me
Contented to dwell here alone.
When the day in the west is declining,
His boat on the dark lake I see,
And, led by my taper's bright shining,
He comes o'er the waters to me.

I ask not if others be fairer,
How rich or how noble they be,
I know that to him none are dearer—
And who could be dearer to me?
My heart it would ever beat lightly,
Nor shrink from each day's coming dawn,
Could he but still smile on me brightly,
Nor part from his own Colleen Bawn.

Eily Mavourneen.

SUNG BY MR. HENRY HAIGH.
In Benedict's new Opera The "LILY OF KILLARNEY."

Eily Mavourneen, I see thee before me
Fairer than ever with death's pallid hue.
Mortal thou art not. I humbly adore thee?
Yes, with a love which thou knowest is true.
Look'st thou in anger—ah, no; such a feeling
Ne'er in thy too gentle heart had a place.
Softly the smile of forgiveness is stealing,
Eily, my own, o'er that beautiful face.

Once would my heart, with the wildest emotion,
Throb, dearest Eily, when near me wert thou.
Now I regard thee with calm, deep devotion.
Never, bright angel, I loved thee as now.
Though in this world were so cruelly blighted
All the fond hopes of thy innocent heart,
Soon in a holier region united,
Eily Mavourneen, we never shall part

No Irish need apply.

WRITTEN BY J. R. PHILLIPS.
SUNG BY SAM COLLINS, & MRS. PHILLIPS.

Sure, I was out the other night, on such a wild goose chase,
I saw in an advertisement, about a decent place;
It is myself that it well would suit, but I cannot tell you why,
The lady said, "did you not read, 'No Irish need apply."

If 'tis my country you dislike, I'm sure I don't know why,
Faith it's all blarney when you say, "No Irish need apply."

Just take a trip to Ireland, they will treat you like a man,
The whiskey they'll pour into you as long as you can stand;
With heart and hand they'll welcome you, tell me the reason why,
Our ears offend with that dirty end, "No Irish need apply."

So just look out, and mind yourself, for I say bye-the-bye,
You all lose your senses when you say, "No Irish need apply."

You talk about your soldiers, now tell me if you can,
If the bravest of them all are not Irishmen;
In Russia, and in China too, and India, bye-the-bye,
You never say when you want men, "No Irish need apply."

For if you want good soldiers, listen to me bye-the,
Would you ever had a Wellington if "No Irish need apply.

Of generals and statesmen old Ireland can boast,
Her poets too, 'tis well known to you, are universal toasts.
There's Campbell, Moore and Lover, and Goldsmith, bye-the-bye,
You could not get their equals, if "No Irish need apply."

You talk about your country, but you know 'tis all my eye,
For the best feather in your cap, is when the "Irish do apply."

When the Queen was in Ireland enjoying the jaunting car,
The true-hearted boys they shouted out "Cead mille failta."
To defend her Majesty they would fight and die,
And prove to the world, that Irish need apply.

So to conclude, toss off your glass, I see no reason why,
You should put in your advertisement, "No Irish need apply."

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn.

SUNG BY MR. SANTLEY.

IN BENEDICT'S NEW OPERA THE "LILY OF KILLARNEY."

MUSIC AT CHAPPELL &CO.

A lowly peasant girl would blot with shame
The Cregans' ancient name.
No, sooner shall she part with life
Than come before the world as Hardress' wife.
With life! Can I sufficient courage find
To harm a girl so gentle and so kind?

The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn,
From childhood I have known.
I've seen that beauty in the dawn,
Which now so bright has grown;
Although her cheek is blanched with care,
Her smile diffuses joy.
Heaven form'd in her a jewel rare,
Shall I the gem destroy!

Down cursed scruples! Hold thy peace remorse!
My duty to my master I'll fulfil
Through good and ill:
Naught, naught can check me, well I know my course.

Duty! Yes, I'll do my duty,
What is love, and what is beauty,
To a rough, misshapen creature,
Crook'd in back, and hard in feature?
Hearts that melt with soft compassion
Beat in frames of other fashion
I'll help my master where I can;
No other law has Danny Mann.

The Whole Hog or None.

SUNG BY R. W. MACKNEY, AT WESTON'S MUSIC HALL

I've just arrived across the sea,
All the way from Canada:
You Britishers I've come to see,
Not long escaped from slavery.
Up and down I know a dodge or two.
I am pretty full of fun;
In and out, and round about,
I'll go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

Just arrived at Liverpool,
A chap come up and spoke to me—
Says he, "I know you are no fool!—
These things I've smuggled here, you see,—
Cigars they are, some fine Havannah,
And India shawls,—sure as a gun!—
I brought 'em in the ship Cabana,
I went the whole hog or none!"
Up and down, &c.

Straight up to London then I came,
Determined all to see;
I went to concerts, masquerade,
And all the sights with glee.
By Dechter, the shakesperian;
I saw the great Othello done;
At Sydenham's Palace, Mr. Blondin
Went the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c,

In Rotten Row the ladies all,
On every afternoon,
Their figures all are showing off
To gain a husband soon.
Mammas desire to make a match,
By which they won't be done;
To catch a fine young man like me,
They'll go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c.

The married men of London,
Never stop out late at night;
Though they like a little fun,
And dearly love a sight!
They love their children dearly,
Their girls and boys surpass'd by none
They love their homes and wives, and
Like to go the whole hog or none.
Up and down, &c

Your humble servant now before ye
Will ever strive his part to play,
"In the Strand" or "Dixey's Land,"
As "Uncle Sam," or "Peter Gray"
The welcome given shows that you
Appreciate what he's done;
To gain your smiles he'll be prepared
To go the whole hog or none!"

Bold Robin Hood.

The lays of old, fam'd stories told,
Of knights of chivalrous arms,
When the guerdon of the warrior bold,
Was the maidens peerless charms,
When bold Robin Hood and his foresters good,
Were merry as merry could be;
When the foresters life was free from all strife,
And his home the trysting tree.

Then hurrah! hurrah! for the Bold Robin Hood,
Hurrah for the olden times;
And one cheer more for the foresters good,
That lives in the olden rhymes.

The knights of the bow, full well they did know,
Their way through the forest to con,
And to hunt the roebuck, there was bold Friar Tuck,
Much the miller, and brave Little John
And young Allan a Dale softly whisper'd love's tale,
Into gentle Maid Marian's ear,
While they shouted and laughed and they played quarter staff,
Or they'd quaff off the berry brown beer.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for the Bold Robin Hood,
Hurrah for the olden times;
And one cheer more for the foresters good,
That lives in the olden rhymes.

The merry men of the forest glen,
Would every danger scorn,
And wend their way o'er fern and fen,
And wind the wilking horn;
And took from none but such as one
Whose gold was hoarded deep,
Then gave their meed where there was need,
From the miser's treasured heap.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for the Bold Robin Hood,
Hurrah for the olden times!
And one cheer more for the foresters good
That lives in the olden rhymes,

Starlight, Starlight.

Words by E. L. BLANCHARD. Music by J. H. TULLY

SUNG BY MISS H. HOWARD, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

Starlight, starlight, brightly-beaming starlight,
Making earth a fairy world,
That glows beneath thy far light.
Starlight, starlight, ever brightly beaming,
Filling skies with loving eyes,
That watch o'er mortals dreaming.
When thy rays are brightest
Then are hearts the lightest;
Sad would night without thy light
Be, the world surrounding;
With thy radience cheering,
Come, with stars appearing,
Song and dance and merry glance,
And joys are then abounding.

Ah, starlight, starlight, how I love the starlight,
Making earth a fairy world,
That glows beneath thy far light.
Starlight, starlight, how I love the starlight.

Starlight, starlight, fairies love the starlight,
Coming from their elfin world,
To gaze upon thy far light.
Starlight, starlight, ever brightly shining,
Filling streams with silver gleams,
Your worlds of light enshrining
Sunbeams suit not fairies,
Moonlight ever varies;
Stars alone their azure throne
Ne'er to night surrender,
Ev'ry spangled cluster
Beaming with a lustre;
Song and dance and merry glance
Of never-fading lustre.

Ah! starlight, starlight, how I love the starlight,
Making earth a fairy world,
That glows beneath thy far light.
Starlight, starlight, how I love the starlight.

SWEET SUSAN OF THE VALE.

From the Ballad Opera of "William & Susan."

Words by T. H. REYNOLDSON. Music by J. H. TULLY.

Sung by Mr. J. H. JENNINGS.

At WESTON'S Music Hall, High Holborn.

Mongst noble maids and high-born dames,
Her peer I ne'er have seen,
Of all she proud precedence claims,
As beauty's matchless Queen!
That face so fair, those charms so rare,
Words to pourtray them fail,
There's none that can with thee Compare,
Sweet Susan of the Vale.

For years I've roam'd the world round,
Thro' climes where love doth dwell,
Thro' lands of beauty most renown'd
But she doth all excell;
That face so fair, those charms so rare,
Words to pourtray them fail,
There's none that can with thee compare,
Sweet Susan of the Vale.

I'M THINKING OF THE TIME, MARY.

Words by B. S. MONGOMERY. Music by W. H. MONTGOMERY.

Sung by Mr. W. H. KIMBERLEY.

At WESTON'S "Music Hall," High Holborn.

I'm thihking of the time, Mary,
When I was young and gay;
When first I saw thy gentle face,
That well remember'd day.
I'm thinking of the raven hair,
The eyes so frank and bright,
And the small white hand whose lightest touch
Could thrill me with delight.
They tell me now that raven hair
Is sadly tinged with grey;
But oh! to me thou'rt dear as when
We both were young and gay,
I'm thinking, &c.

When I was young and gay, Mary
I gave my vows to you;
For weary years we've sever'd been,
Yet still this heart is true.
I cast my all of earthly bliss
Upon a hopeless die,
Yet proudly boast that none but thee
E'er won my heart's fond sigh.
For oh! the heart that worshipp'd thee
Could never downwards stray!
The angel of my life thou wert
When I was young and gay.
I'm thinking, &c.

I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL, MOTHER.

Words by CHARLES SWAIN. Music by G. LINLEY.

Sung by Miss LIZZIE HARRIS,

At "WESTON'S Music Hall," High Holborn.

I cannot mind my wheel, mother,
I cannot mind my wheel;
You know not what my heart must know,
You feel not what I feel;
My thread is idly cast, Mother,
My thought is o'er the sea,
My hopes are fading fast, Mother,
Yet feel you not for me,
I cannot mind, &c.

I had a dreadful dream, Mother,
'Twas of a ship at sea,
I saw a form amidst the storm,
I heard him call on me;
I heard him call on me, Mother,
As plain as now I speak,
I thought my brain would burst, Mother,
I thought my heart would break,
I cannot mind, &c.

For me he perils life, Mother,
The weary ocean wide,
And yet, a word, one word from you,
Had kept him by my side;
My wheel had gaily sped, Mother,
My thoughts at Home smil'd free,
But now my smiles have fled, Mother,
My heart is o'er the sea,
I cannot mind, &c.

FADING AWAY.

Written and Composed by ANNE FRICKER.

Sung by Miss LIZZIE HARRIS.

At "WESTON'S Music Hall," High-holborn.

Rose of the garden, blushing and gay,
Even as we pluck thee, fading away;
Beams of the morning, promise of day,
While we are gazing, fading away!
Rose of the garden, blushing and gay,
Even as we pluck thee, fading away!

Spring's fairest blossoms, summer's bright day,
Autumn's rich cluster, fading away;
Song of the wild bird, heart-stirring lay,
E'en as we listen, fading away!
Spring's fairest blossom, summer's bright day,
Autumn's rich cluster, fading away!

Hope's fairy promise, charms to betray,
All that is earthly fadeth away;
But there's a land where nought shall decay,
Where there's no sorrow, no fading away.
Hope's fairy promise charms to betray,
All that is earthly fadeth away.

NEW COLLECTION OF SONS,

THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!

ANDREW CHERRY.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night both dark and drear,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak,
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to shrouds
Each prentiless seaman crowds,
As she lay till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wished for morrow,
Broke through the hazy sky,
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horrow to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When heaven all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent;
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

THE LAND, BOYS, WE LIVE IN.

Since our foes to invade us have long been preparing,
'Tis clear they consider we've something worth sharing,
And for that mean to visit our shore;
It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em
And though it will be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,
We must try how they'll take it once more,
So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given,
Here's England for ever, the land, boys we live in!
So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given,
Here's England for ever, huzza!

Here's a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,
Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,
We'll on shipboard and join in the fight;
And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,
Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,
On our country we'll think with delight:
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,
Long, long may our queen by her people be greeted;
Oh! to guard her we'll be of one mind.
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were intended,
In union the nation to bind!
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

THE SEA IS MERRY ENGLAND'S.

Sung by Mr. ELTON WILLIAMS "At Weston's. Grand Music Hall." Holborn,

The sea is merry England's,
And England's shall remain,
While Britan's sons have hearts of oak
Her freedom to maintain;
And as her gallant vessels sail
Amid the foaming tide,
It bears them up as if it knew,
It nursed Britannia's pride,
So sing we ever boldly,
With honest might and main,
The sea is merry England's,
And England's shall remain.

The sea is merry England's,
Oh, where is found the strand,
Where Britons may not anchor,
With a gallant sailor band?
Her red cross banner floats on high,
'Tis honour'd soon as seen,
For where's the land that dares defy
The sons of the Ocean Queen!
So sing we ever, &c.

The sea is merry England's,
We'll use it as we ought,
In spreading wide her native wealth,
To every distant port.
May peace long reign throughout the world,
Is Britain's earnest pray'r,
But should war's hannner be unfurl'd,
Her sons will danger dare.
So sing we ever, &c.

THE THORN.

JOHN O'KEEFE. Music by SHIELD.

From the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe requested
A sprig her fair breast to adorn;
No, by Heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,
If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn!

When I show'd her the ring and implored her to marry,
She blushed like the dawning of morn.
Yes, yes! I'll consent, she replied, if you promise,
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Mary's Policeman.

Written & Sung by MR. RIGHTON.
Music at L'ENFANT, Rathbone Place.

Kind friends pray pay attention and my woes I will relate,
And although it may seem rather queer,
It's all true what I state.
I'm a man of eddication, likewise you will see that
'm not a common sort of chap, but a reg'lar harristocrat.
And a fortin' I'd a made, as I'm a knowing blade,
And up to many rummy tricks, tho' I never learnt a trade,
But ven e,er good luck I see, it's allus drew away from me,
'Cos a P'liceman with oig whiskers takes a sly glance at me.

Now vy I fears that P'liceman's glance very quickly will be seen;
I once put on some soldier's clothes and passed for a horse marine.
I made strong love to a servant gal, ven she fetched her master's beer,
Though I know'd she'd got a Policeman for her true lovier.
At the area gate one night, ven ve thought it was all right,
She brought me out a cold meat pie, but started with affright,
The cause of her alarm I turned round to see,
When Mary's P'liceman with big whiskers took a sly glance at me.

Next I thought to make some cash by pertendin' to be blind,
I had a dog tied to a string vich I slowly walk'd behind,
"I'm blind" was wrote upon a card, my dog he had a tin,
Vich he carried in his mouth for folks to put the money in.
Vith closed eyes I went my round, ven I thought I heard a sound,
Like a shilling dropt into the tin of my poor faithful hound.
I slowly open'd my right eye, a shilling thought to see,
But instead of a bright shilling, Mary's Bobby glanced at me.

Then I put on sailor's clothes, tied my arm up in a sling,
And fasten'd on a wooden leg, vich looked like the real thing,
I talk'd about my wounds & scars, and sung about the sea,
'Cos English folks for poor sailors have always sympathy.
A lady came along who listen'd to my song,
Vich made her cry 'cos my voice if not sweet is strong,
She then offered me some money vich I'd nearly got when he
Mary's P'liceman with big whiskers took a sly glance at me.

Then the father starving dodge with an infant I did try,
I paid sixpence for a baby vich I pinch'd to make it cry.
This dodge don't pass so well just now the only reason is
That babies used to be so cheap, but babies now is riz.
But an old gent with the gout, I saw pull his purse out,
And I should ha' got summat very handsome I've no doubt,
But I dropt the baby in the mud, as a voice exclaim'd to me,
"Move on" and Mary's P'liceman took a sly glance at me.

Once I'd walk'd so werry fur my legs I could not keep,
So I sat down on a deer step and I quickly fell asleep,
And in my sleep I had some dreams of, oh, such pleasant things,
I thought I was the friend of princes, emperors and kings.
I was at the court of France, far away from that sly glance,
A waltzing with the Empress who had just ask'd me to dance.
I squeez'd her hand, she squeezed mine that squeeze it woke up me,
And the P'liceman, not the Empress, took a sly glance at me.

Now P'licemen is a useful lot, does some good I dessay,
At least when they're not wanted, they are always in the way,,
I've heard it said as in olden times they used to torture, bake and burn,
But what torture's like that P'liceman's sly glance I've yet to learn.
Go where, do what I will, that sly glance is on me still,
I wish I was an M.P. I would then bring in this Bill.
If a P'liceman saw an honest man as liv'd by roguery,
That P'liceman should be hung for only one sly glance at he

Or any other Gal.

SUNG BY FRED. FRENCH.
L'ENFANT, 18, Rathbone Place.

Kind folks, I lov'd a maiden once,
Her name was Sally Bell,
How she serv'd this individual,
Listen, and I will tell.
Oh! she really was a beauty,
Oh, such a charming girl,
A reg'lar blue-eyed Venus,
Was my once lov'd faithless Sal.
She had such a lovely figure,
And such a graceful walk,
And her tongue it was like honey,
Whenever she did talk.
But now she's gone and left me,
That fair deceitful Sal,
And I lov'd her, oh, better by far
Than any other gal.

As we were walking out one day,
So happy arm in arm,
"Here comes my cousin Smith," says she,
Now don't feel alarmed,
Up came a heavy swell with snob,
Fearful stock of hair,
And shook my Sally by the hand,
And gave a wicked leer.
Says he, "Dear how d'ye do,"
I know I then look'd blue.
But before she spoke I said, "Sir,"
What's that to do with you,
Says I, "this is my Sal
And stick to her I shall,
Go and find another cousin, Sir,
Or any other gal."

You may guess my astonishment.
When Sal let go my arm,
And took hold of her cousins,
Which I thought was rather warm.
Says I, "Sal what d'ye mean by this"
Says she, "don't be a fool"
"It's all right," said her cousin,
"My dear Sir, take it cool."
To strike him I felt inclined,
But he was so jolly tall,
And I felt at that moment,
So particularly small,
"This is an old acquaintance
"Of mine save," faithless Sal,
"For you really are too soft for me,
Or any other gal.

My ears I could scarce believe,
'Twas such a fearful shock.
At such a piece of impudence,
My brain was burning hot.
Off arm in arm they walked,
And when lost to my view,
I thought for a few moments,
What course I should pursue,
I thought I'd take a dram,
My misery to drown,
But the spirits would not keep me up
For I kept tumbling down.
I passed that night in a police cell,
Forget it I never shall.
And I'll never love another soul,
Or any other gal.

Snow White Blossoms

BARKER.
SUNG BY MR. FRANK REID.

Come let us wander forth, Annie,
The sun is warm and bright;
Come let us leave our homes awhile,
With hearts and footsteps light.
Down by the little woodland grove,
Oh! let us onward go,
Where oft the cuckoo's voice is heard,
And sweet May flowers grow;
There we will tell our tales of love
And pass the hours away,
Near the little snow-white blossoms,
So beautiful are they.

'Mid smiling nature's varied charms,
We'll roam and chat awhile,
Our heart's unsway'd by anxious care.
Our tongues untouch'd with guile.
Secluded from the world around,
From busy lane and street,
The bright blue sky above our heads,
The daisies at our feet,
There we will linger side by side
Till evening fades away,
Near the little snow-white blossoms
So beautiful are they.

I Know a Bank

Music Published by Horn.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows—
Where oxlips and the nodding viole grows;
There sleeps the fairy queen, some time of night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Thou art so near, and yet so far.

REICHARDT

I know an eye, so softly beaming
That glistens like the star of night,
My soul it draws with glances kind
To heavens' blue vault, and there I find
Another star, as pure and shining,
As that which mildly sparkles here—
Beloved eye! beloved star!
Thou art so near, and yet so far.

That eye so soft like violets blue,
A treasure bears of morning dew,
And when its light entranced I see
What joy, what pain possesses me!
A world, where I would gladly dwell.
Is that bright orb I love so well.—
Beloved eye! beloved star!
Thou art so near, and yet so far.

If closed at last that radiant eye should be,
No more the day will dawn for me;
If night should dim its laughing light,
Oh then for ever 'twill be night!
These eyes that brightly, softly softly shine,
For me the sun and moon combine,—
Beloved eye! beloved star!
Thou art so near, and yet so far.

Up in Piccadilly.

Air:—"IN MILITARY CIRCLES."

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Beneath a tree together sat,
Indulging in a cosy chat—Up in Piccadilly;
Was Toots a City Clerk,
With his Cousin Emma Dark,—up in Piccadilly.

Just then some Gentleman did pass,
A sly glance gave, thro' his eye glass up in Piccadilly,
On cousin Emma, which made Toots
Almost sink into his boots—up in Piccadilly.

For a minute neither spoke a word,
At each other look'd absurd up in Piccadilly,
To break the ice, she then began,
Called Toots, a silly, jealous man up in Piccadilly.

Words were [illegible] by him,
The gentleman [illegible] by up in Piccadilly;
Matters worse to make, did stride
Sat close to cousin Emma up in Piccadilly.

Cousin Emma he address'd,
Toots got up, & exclaim'd up in Piccadilly;
The gentleman of course arose,
Toots pugilistic, punched his nose up in Piccadilly.

Toots on the ground was [illegible]
Cousin Emma walked off with the gent down in Piccadilly,
To a cab stand did repair,
Toots followed the pictur[illegible] down in Piccadilly.

Into a cab, the pair then got,
Toots would follow but forgot, up in Piccadilly;
His portmonnaie left at home,
To his Lodgings in despair did roam—up in Piccadilly.

Soon arrived home went to bed,
A revover placed close to his head, up in Piccadilly;
The trigger pulled, it went off right,
Blew his brains out left and right—up in Piccadilly.

Cousin, Emmas, Marys pray,
With affections never play—up in Piccadilly,
Or perhaps the end will be,
Like this young felo-de-se(e)—up in Piccadilly.

John Bull's Sly Glance.

Air—„The Captain & his whiskers

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Mr. John Bull was reading o'er the Daily Times,
Noticing particular, the news from Foreign climes,
When a servant enter'd, and announced so callous,
Two visitors arrived from Buckingham great Palace.
The Prince of Hesse entered closely follow'd by his side
The Princess Alice so demure his intended Bride,
Oh! Oh! said Mr. Bull, pray your business now with me,
Who is that young man who takes a sly glance at me.

The Prince a bow he made, Mr. Bull rose on his feet,
As the Princess made a curtsey, so affable and sweet;
Ah! ah! I smell a rat, this young man I suppose,
Is your future husband, to me you would suppose,
A german Prince say you, another rat I smell,
Of course he wants a dowry, that I know too well.
Are you sure 'tis for YOURSELF, HE LOVES you for you see,
He knows I am your Banker by his sly glance at me.

But what am I to do I really scarce know
I will just consider, so be happy, pray
Of course if they command, I must find the pay must I,
For dear is my pocket, I keep my hands to satisfy;
With a probable match of little Hesse's without doubt,
As a people subsidiary victim, of course I must pull out;
They think I'm made of money, which I can plainly see,
When they come to England, with a sly glance at me.

Of course all the expences, by me will be found,
A sum of money down the Prince, expect will still be bound;
They will come to take their leave, likewise my money too,
Though I'm delighted with it now I think I have enough to do.

All my Foreign relatives, of course will friendly be,
So long as I keep open purse, John Bull is glad to see,
But what am I to do, of course Her Majesty,
If I drop a hint, takes a sly glance at me.

For the future Foreign Nations from me will understand,
If English dowries they expect, must spend on English land,
'Tis unjust to tax my people, and distress my poor,
To give my money to be squander'd on a Foreign shore.
If English ROSE-BUDS they WILL have, and what dowries I may give
Satisfied on England's soil, they must be to live.
For Hesse's Prince this hint is intended he may see,
That his Cousin Germans, need not come, with a sly glance at me.

Paddy Ray

AIR—"PETER GRAY.

Written for and sung by Paddy Fannin

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Och 'tis of a nice young man,
That same was Paddy Ray,
He was after being born in
Convanient to Kilcray.

Come back Paddy,
My darlint Paddy Ray,
Och shure my heart is bating,
Mush a roo-ral-laddy-a.

Now Pat was over ears and head
In love up to his chin,
Wid a rale beauty,
One Biddy Anne McPhinn.

Come back Paddy, &c.

Biddy, Paddy would have wed,
Her Boy throttling Pa said no,
Shd cease to him he sent her
To the County of Mayo.

Come back Paddy, &c.

Pat wint out one mornin,
Turf cutting in the bogs,
He vanished 'twas said he was
Devour-red by Frogs.

Come back Paddy, &c.

While poor Biddy heard the news,
She fainted thin straightway,
Out of her senses mad she wint,
And would sing the livelong day.

Acushla Paddy,
Where are you Paddy Ray,
That ye're [illegible]

One night they both met face to face,
In the centre of Dublin city,
Biddy then was heard to say.

Be asy Paddy,
I'm coming straight to you,
Where's my purty Yankee,
The dirty murth'rin crew

THINK OF ME WILLIE.

Words by J. H. ECCLES. ESQ.

Music by ALFRED MATTOCKS.

Published by Baxter & Co., 23 Bishopsgate Street Within.

You've vow'd your truth to me Willie,
And many a promise made;
While, sitting by the cottage door,
Beneath the hawthorn shade,
But now you're going away Willie
Far o'er the raging sea,
And much I fear in other scenes,
You'll never think of me.

The linnet sings at early morn,
The lark soars in the air,
The roses bloom in beauty round,
And ev'ry thing looks fair,
The woodbine and the jessamine
Climb round the cottage door,
But what will they avail to me?
Should you return no more.

Oh! sad will be my heart Willie,
When you have gone away;
To sit in silent solitude,
From passing day to day.
To think of happy moments fled,
When you were by my side,
Beneath the green and shady boughs
At happy eventide

You say you'll soon return Willie,
Unto your native shore!
When I shall be your happy bride,
And we shall part no more;
But should you never come, Willie,
Back o'er the raging sea,
Oh! think of it before you go,—
What will become of me!

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

From the "Musical Bouquet," No. 1496.

Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted, long ago,
My life has been a scene of woe,
But now, all sorrow flies away,
For I have heard good news from home.

Good news from home, &c.

My father's hair is gold me now,
My mother's tear is bathing my brow,
My sister's voice falls on mine ear,
Nor brother's smile is given me cheer,
But tho' I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to day,
For friends across the ocean's foam,
Have sent to me good news from home.

Good news from home, &c.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before,
'Twas then I knew no grief or care,
My heart was always happy there,
Though I may never see it more,
Nor stand upon my native shore,
Where'er on earth I'm doom'd to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.

Good news from home, &c.

YOUNG AGNES.

Music at Chappell & Co's

Sung by Mr. A. ST. ALBYN.

Young Agnes beauteous flow'r of May;
One morning from her tow'r,
Thus sound her tender lays,
The night now had spread it's shade,
And I can hide these tears,
Then flies to thy faithful maid,
Darkness veils bow'r and hall,
Then quits the watchful her lover,
Dost thou not hear Love's call.

The silver hour invites thee,
No stars shade it's ray,
No danger love amuses,
Whate'er thou dost then stay?
When sunshine illumes the sky,
Guardians, then may oppose,
But now closed is every eye,
Let thy steps gently follow,
The silent hour in vain they braved
Each other's look'd upon,
Dost thou not hear Love's call.

Merry O'er the Water Dashing.

Merry o'er the water dashing,
Then, my love, I'll think of thee,
While the merry oars are splashing,
In the deep unbounded sea.

While this nation is sweetly
We will sing the watery strains,
In our gallant bark reclining,
We'll chase care,

While the stars are shining
We will [illegible] the waters still with
And o'er the deep we'll glide to
And listen to love's nightingale,

MOTHER IS THE BATTLE OVER.

COMPOSED BY J. LOWRY.

Mother is the battle over
Thousands have been slain, they say,
Is my father coming home to me,
Have the English gained the day?
Is he well, or is he wounded?
Mother, do you know I pray,
If you know, I pray you tell me,
Will my father come again?

Mother dear, you're always sighing,
Since you last the paper read;
Tell me, why you now are crying,
Why that tear is on your head!
Ah—I see you cannot tell me,
Father's one among the slain,
Although he loved us very dearly,
He will never come again.

"Yes, my boy, your noble father
Is one numbered with the slain,
We shall not see him more on earth,
But in Heaven we'll meet again,
He died for old England's glory,
Our day may not be far between,
But I hope at the last moment
That we all shall meet again.

ADIEU TO THE OCEAN.

TUNE—"RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

I must bid adieu to the ocean,
The anchor at last is cast;
My life's been a scene of commotion,
I must die for my country at last.
Aloft let the colours be flying,
Her appoints are all in dismay,
Push the grog round though I'm dying,
And we'll drink old England, huzza.

And we'll drink &c.

Poor Tom as he weaker was growing,
And his cable of life nearly run,
While the blood from his wounds 'twas flowing
He cried beat me aloft to my gun.
For his sword was the sound of re action
And we'll fight until death calls a halt,
Should it call in the midst of the action,
We'll die, for Old England, huzza.

We'll die &c.

TOAST.

Still, still, did he move of the battle,
But death on each feature set pale;
Hark, he cries how the cannons do rattle,
Up messmates we'll conquer again.
He started from where he was laying,
And so suddenly they fainted away,
And when death closed his eyes he was saying,
Adieu to Old England, huzza.

Adieu to &c.

THE WIDOWS LAST PRAYER.

ANSWER TO "MOTHER IS THE BATTLE OVER."

O Mother dear! now leave off crying,
Your only child is by your side,
On you all my hopes relying,
Eversince my father died,
My child, my thoughts are ever on you,
My nightly prayer for you is given,
My dearest my dear is fast decaying,
My soul must take its flight to heaven.

Come my Child, come nearer to me,
Do not fret, do not despair,
A parting kiss before I leave you,
I'm going to meet your father there,
It is due we must not murmer,
It is our great Creater's will,
When I depart this world of sorrow,
He'll be a father to you still.

She clasped her child close to her bosom,
While her eyes were closed in death,
God bless my boy she faintly murmured,
It was her last expiring breath.
Alone and helpless stood the orphan,
With tearful eye and aspect mild,
O God look down in all thy mercies,
Ask a father to this child.

The funeral equipage onward rolling,
The muffled drum, a Soldier brave,
Respected dead but only missing,
He stood beside the new made grave.
Tears rolled down his manly cheeks,
While weary look and features mild,
Keep up my boy, I have safe returned,
A father to my child.

HOME, THERE IS A STORM.

Home! there is a storm in the whistling blast,
Home! the sun is sinking fast,
The wild bird is rocking in his nest,
Sinking on the mode, the deer to rest.
Now for [illegible]-side's cheerful blaze,
Song of mirth and tales of fays.

Home, home!

Did'em like Muffins for tea.

WRITTEN BY G. H. FRENCH,

Music at VENN & Co. 65 Baker St., W

Now we've all got our fancies some like this some that,
But I'll tell you my friends my propensity flat,
I've a liking for muffins when I sit down to tea,
And when Butter'd on both sides you'll say it with me,

Don't I like Muffins,
Don't I like Muffins,
Tho' strange it may seem
I like Muffins for tea.

I'm a Clerk in the city I've a hundred a year,
I'd a nice little girl tho' a duck quite a dear,
The third time I met her she an invite gave me,
To call and she'd get me some Muffins for tea.

Did'em like, &c.

I promised to go, for her Pa would be out,
And her dear good old Mother which I didn't doubt,
So on the next sunday to it did agree
To visit her House and have Muffins for tea.

Did'em like, &c.

Sunday came, Hansom Hall'd said I drive to the west,
Which SUITED me quite being SUITABLY dress'd,
I arrived at the door, gave a rat tat when She,
Flew down stairs enraptur'd (saying) I've got Muffins for tea,

Did'em like, &c.

In we went Butter'd Muffins I espy'd piping hot,
Had it not been for shame I'd have eat all the lot,
And as we sat down She look'd slyly at me,
Saying CHARLEY I TOLD YOU, I'd get Muffins for tea.

Did'em like, &c.

We'd scarcely sat down the truth I must tell,
A loud knocking we heard and a ring at the bell;
She look'd out of window, when trembling cried She,
It's father, said I, O my Mumins for tea

Never like, &c.

I shiver'd and shook when he open'd the door,
I ne'er utter'd a word, but fell slap on the floor,
He first look'd at her, and then look'd at me,
And he then look'd at the Mumins for tea.

Do you like Mumins,
Do you like Mumins,
Pity me then, if you like
Mumins or tea.

Said he what's your business, Said I, I don't know,
Then out of my house Sir, I'll have you soon go,
Then grasping my collar, he cross question'd me,
Saying is it my daughter you court, or those Muffins for tea.

Do you like, &c,

Said I trembling well SIR, but he box'd both my ears,
And neck and crop bandied me flying down stairs,
Upon leaving the street a Policeman took me;
To the place where you do not get Muffins for tea.

But still I like Muffins,
Dearly like Muffins,
Shall always love Muffins
Well butter'd for tea.

The Chilly Man.

Written and arranged by F. C, PERRY

Music at Wm, YOUNG'S 14, Leicester Place, Leicester Square, London.

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
I was always chilly from the moment of my birth,
In the year that I was born,
The Thames was frozen o'er,
And I'm told it just took forty days
Our water tap to thaw;
'Twas on Snow Hill, Doctor Snow
Introduced me to this earth,
And Mrs. Martha, cold treatment,
Brought a cold on at my birth;

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
I was always chilly from the moment I was born.

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
Yes I was chilly from the moment I was born,
No matter where I went,
I was always treated cool,
In fact I look'd so precious COLD
I nearly froze the school,
I always had some chilblains
Around my chilly toes,
And I always had a ICICLE,
Hanging from my nose.

I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
Yes, I was chilly when I was a Lad,
They bound me to a builder,
From some unfeeling cause,
And tho' I was indoor prentice,
I was always out o' doors
My master soon found I was Winters,
Would not feed me even broth,
And kept my Bed-room window WIDE,
That the wind blew from the North.

I was always chilly, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
Yes, I was chilly, when first I went to woo,
I took love making slice
In hope my ills to stop,
So compared my Lady-love,
To the ICE plant and SNOW drop;
And though she COOLLY treated me,
I did not care a straw,
For I thought her just the wife for FROST
Because her name was THAW.

I was always, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
Yes, I was chilly, on my wedding morn,
I took my love to church
One cold December day,
We slipt about like two young Eels,
The snow fell all the way,
In the evening some young Ladies
To our chamber crept like mice,
They took the feathers from the bed,
And filled it up with Ice.

I was always, &c.

I was always chilly, dreadful chilly,
Yes, I was chilly, when a married man,
But e'er the Honey-moon was o'er,
My bride gave up her breath,
And I was seated COLD BATH FIELDS,
For freezing her to death,
But your very WARM reception,
And kind smiles you've bestow,
Has sent a spark, thro' my heart,
And set me in a glow.

So I don't feel chilly,
Not the least chilly,
No, I don't feel chilly,
What a pleasure to be warm.

I'll Never Despair.

J. BLOCKLEY.

In the morning of life, with bosom elate,
The youth leaves the fond home of his heart,
To seek o'er the treacherous ocean his fate,
And in life's busy scene take a part;
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

O'er peace's expanse, tho' dark clouds
And tempests in blust'rous wrath
The tempest-toss'd vessel right onward
Yet the storm most terrific she braves
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

At length when the perilous voyage is
And the vessel at anchor safe lies,
How quickly he springs on his dear native
And he sees by the welcome will be flies
Then throwing on all his trouble and
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

TOAST.